

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 5.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

NO. 11.

Business Cards.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,
Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuffs, Salt Fish, White and Water
Lard, &c., &c.
PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 21, 1860—41

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW and all kinds
of Dried Fruits.
WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1859—41

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
RESPECTFULLY announces his readiness to give
prompt attention to all professional calls.
He is licensed to practice in the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 24, 1860—41

JOHN W. VORHES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—2435y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
himself at the above village, for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE, four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner, Aug. 4, 1859—2435y1.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio.
IS NOW PREPARED to furnish, to order, all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an
entire set. 27 Office, Main street, two doors east of
Dr. Holling's office, up stairs.
June 9, 1859—22

DR. S. D. RICHARDS,
LOCATED in Berlin, Holmes County, Ohio, will
attend to all calls proper to his profession.
27 Office, Main street, two doors east of
Dr. Holling's office, up stairs.
April 12, 1860—41

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
TENDERS his professional services to the public.
Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—2434y1.

DR. EBRIGT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Presbyterian Church.
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of all Descriptions,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.
MILLERSBURG, O.

LAKE & JONES,
DENTISTS.
Wooster, O.
Dec. 1, 1859.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

To the Public.
A. WATTS, Sewing Machine Agent and
dealer in the public in the line of the way of a
seamstress.
I am also agent for said Machine, and can recom-
mend it as the best now in use, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Jno. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—m103.

PLAIN & FANCY
JOB PRINTING
Of all kinds, neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.
EAGLE BLACKSMITH SHOP!
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

JOHN JORDAN,
Has opened a new Blacksmith Shop on Main Street,
between the two doors north of the
Presbyterian Church, where he is fully prepared to do all
work in his line of business on a short notice, at reason-
able prices and in a
Workmanlike Manner.
All who want their work done and at reasonable
prices, should call at Jordan's shop. He shows horses
for one dollar cash, and does other work proportionately
low.
JOHN JORDAN.
Millersburg, Aug. 11, 1860—41

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWMYER is carrying on the
tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over
MULVANEY'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render
general satisfaction to those for whom he
does work, and he hopes by industry and close
application to business to receive a liberal share
of patronage.
ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for
man to live at.
Millersburg, 1860—n41H.

VIRGINIA HALE.

BY CASTERS.

She was my friend; a dark-eyed beauti-
ful girl! They say that opposite natures
attract each other; but true as that was
there was a great exception to this theory
in our case, for we were much alike, and
cherished a most tender affection for each
other. I remember well the beginning of
our mutual admiration, and the incident
that rendered us inseparable friends.

We were pursuing our studies with a few
others under the superintendence of a Mad
ame Hesler, a lady very highly educated
and refined, and most worthy of the res-
ponsibility committed to her charge. I
thought her a most lovely woman, and un-
til then had considered the rest as being en-
tirely beneath my notice. I sought no
companionship with them; it made me
half angry to have to listen, to what seemed
to me, their senseless talk and silly
laughter, so I always sought some seclu-
ded retreat, when we were permitted to leave
the school room. My mother used to tell
me I was a "strange child," and when I
mingled the little I did with the world
I knew they thought the same; but I
loved the grand, the sublime! I would
go alone and sit on a rock for hours, watch-
ing the great waves of the powerful river,
or stand charmed—fascinated—by the
roar of the majestic falls, as they plunged
down into the restless depths of mist and
foam.

But VIRGINIA HALE! she came to us
an entire stranger. My schoolmates seem-
ed rather to regard her as an intruder. I
knew she perceived their jealousy, though
she said nothing; but I had often seen a
half scornful smile play over her face as
some whispered taunt reached her ear.
I admired her exceedingly, and thought if
I could gain her confidence, in her society
I could forget many wearisome hours. I
knew she had a proud heart, yet warm
and passionate as my own.

One day, in the warm flush of the
sweet summer, I took my book and started
for my favorite retreat. I remember how
beautifully blue the sky was, and how rich
and dark the shadows fell under the grand
oaks; and standing there under the
arches of the trembling leaves, was the
beautiful young stranger—the only one I
would have named an intruder; as she
heard my footsteps she turned to go away,
but I sprang forward and caught her hand,
saying: "You are welcome here, will you
let me be your friend?"

She clasped my hand tightly in her own,
and pressed her warm red lips to mine. I
was answered and then continued—
"You are proud and fiery, so am I; you
look like a queen sometimes, but that
makes me love you; I detest these little
bugs that crawl on the ground all their
lives."

She laughed as she replied:
"There could not be a better mate for
me; we will make a glorious team won't
we?"

Then we sat down in the beginning of
our acquaintance and tried to unfold hearts
to each other. Proud and haughty as she
seemed, there was a grand religious ele-
ment in her nature, and a deep-toned feel-
ing that acknowledged, with reverence, the
supreme greatness of the Creator, that
bowed with meekness and humility to the
demands of a just and unalterable law.

I was satisfied then. I thought I had
found the beautiful complement which
should afford delicious communications with
a soul whose aspirations were what I had
long sought for in others, vainly.

I know it seems strange to the plain,
practical portion of humanity, that there
can be such restlessness of spirits, such
tossing of souls—but happy are they who
escape this, which is indeed a very terror
to it victim. But enough of this.

Time flew gaily on—bearing that sweet
summer swiftly away—and too soon heard
of our sad parting. We were alone—
that last hour we were permitted to spend
together on earth. We knelt down to-
gether in the dim twilight, when the stars
were rising slowly above the beautiful
world, when the young moon was climbing
the eastern hills—and there breathed out
her vows of sweet remembrance and eter-
nal faith. I severed one dark lock from
her head, and as I wound it around my finger
she said:

"Corinne, when that turns gray know
that I have forgotten."

They were strange words—I did not
think of death! I returned to my home.
The monotony was broken, often, by let-
ters from Virginia Hale. As months ad-
vanced, it seemed to me that her vague
wild fancies were now subdued. So I
wrote and asked her if the fire had gone
out of her heart? I told her—in the
place of the glorious sun, she was growing
tender as a summer's eve. I remember
her reply—I remember how, for a moment
a cruel, wicked thought flashed through
my heart at the knowledge that I, even I,
had been supplanted, and I crushed the
letter under my feet; that letter! that told
of "one whose love was to her more than
life!" In my selfish love I had not
thought of this. I gathered all her let-
ters together, with a portrait she had given
me, (I did not look at it then,) and writ-
ing one brief, cold note, sent them to her.
Very quickly came back an answer, but I
cast it into the fire, and as the flames
curled up around it, I exclaimed bitterly:
"I never will love, never will trust again—
never, never!"

I was young then; years of experience
have taught me a needful lesson.

Well, years passed on—went and came
unto my life, with its feverish, fitful flow,
brought me pain and weariness, but my
heart was not humbled—not yet, not yet!
I still gloried in my proud, unapproach-
able nature.

At last, one night I was left alone. I
could not work—my hands trembled,

so I could not read, for my heart would not be
controlled—it would think in spite of me;
spurn them as stoutly as I might, thoughts
would come; bitterest of all—thoughts of
Virginia. I heard a knock at the door;
half dreaming, I arose to open it, suppos-
ing it to be some neighbor who had come.
Before I reached the latch it was thrown
open, and a letter fell at my feet. I tore
open the envelope, and therein was a lock
of black hair, and in her handwriting these
words:

"Come to me Corinne! Come quick,
before it is too late! Come, before in the
grave I shall forget you—that lock of hair
will soon be gray."

It twined around my fingers carelessly—
pleadingly I thought—and I could not
shake it off.

It was near midnight, but I packed to-
gether a few things I should need for my
journey, and threw my nervous frame up
on the bed for a few hours' rest. But I
could not sleep. It seemed all those long
hours, till morning, that the black cold
clasp was hanging to my finger.

At last morning came, and I stepped
upon the cars and secured a seat in front of
two gentlemen. I knew nothing of their
conversation until I heard one of them
mention the name of my destination. I
sat still and silent, while they talked of
a powerful epidemic that spread terror and
desolation over chilled hearts; and heart-
stones where the few gathered to mourn
over their woe; where the many were hur-
ried to the silent grave; where the streets
were filled only with what served for
hearses.

O, blackness! darkness! my heart
stood still and then beat fast, till it seemed
it would burst—my brain reeled—I had
taken the fever! A fearful thought—but
I must live to see her. So I rallied, and
with a mighty effort strove to face the ter-
rible reality with a brave and strong heart.

It was near midnight when we entered
the scoured city. Shrieking from the
gaze of the wondering passengers, I re-
quested a gentleman to secure for me a
private conveyance to take to the house of
my friend. Upon hearing her name, he
started and gazed inquiringly into my face.
An expression of pain passed over her fine
manly features, as he replied:

"I am her brother—if you like, we will
go together."

I had felt so desolate and alone, that it
seemed pleasant to find a friend, and I ac-
cepted the proposition gladly. Little con-
versation passed between us, and we soon
arrived at the house.

Lights were moving to and fro; but an
awful stillness brooded over the place—
My companion opened the door and we
passed through the hall; here he turned to
me and said:

"Perhaps you would like to rest awhile
before seeing her."

I shook my head and gasped—
"I must see her now! I cannot sleep, I
cannot rest until I have seen her."

He looked wonderingly at me, and passed
several rooms; at every door my heart
beat faster with a terrible excitement.
At last he opened the one and we entered.
I knew there were but few there; but I
only could see a white couch in a corner of
the room. I knew some one removed my
net and shawl, and then I looked long and
eagerly at the form before me.

Her head was thrown back, and her long,
unbound hair hung in heavy locks over her
white breast. In one hand was clasped
tightly a bible, bound in blue and gold—
the bible that I had given her long years
ago. I went nearer, and laid my hand on
her forehead. It was ice, it! Merciful
Father! She was dead!

I did not faint nor cry. I dropped on
my knees and laid my face close to hers.
I remember they tried to have me get up,
and some one smoothed my hair and a
voice whispered tenderly in my ear; but I
clasped my arms around her neck and beg-
ged them to leave me—leave me alone—
and they did so. I should have filled with
a vague chilling fear at being left with any
other dead form; but after the first fearful
thought rushed by, it seemed blessed that
the grave had not yet hid her face from
me; and I clasped her hands within my
own, and pressed my feverish lips to hers,
long and lovingly—just as I used to then—
just as I used to in the sweet "long ago,"
and looking back I dreamed. I know not
how long it was before they came to me.
I awakened, and then came to me so
strangely palpable, the whole truth, mak-
ing me so heart sick! so desolate!

But the funeral came, with its pomp and
show—with its black plumes and soles
pall—with the sad heaped up from the
cold sepulchre, with the slow breath-
ing words: "The dust shall return to its orig-
inal dust, but the spirit shall return unto
God who gave it." Then the sickening
sobs of the turt falling upon the coffin-lid
while I stood praying unto God that tears
might be given me, so that the fire of this
agony might be quenched.

But that hour passed into the unrecal-
led; and I must awaken to life's duties again
—but not yet, not quite yet.

As I was preparing to return to my
home, an old and faithful servant, that had
watched over my friend from her infancy,
came to me with a package in her hand;
as tears rained down her wrinkled cheek,
she told me that the last earthly request
of Virginia was that she would not fail to
give or send it to me. I did not open it
then; I wanted the quiet, secluded, little
room at home for further thoughts, so I
waited.

The time seemed long for my eager
mind to be in that self-imposed suspense,
but like all weary hours was soon
passed. Soon as I could escape for the
night, from inquiries and kind greetings of
loved ones, I sat down and with trembling
hands removed the wrappings from the pack-
age. There was a little ebony box, deli-
cately starred with gold, and in it was a
manuscript in the shape of a little book,
and wound round it a lock of hair. Why
was this? A simple lock of hair; and yet it
made me shudder and grow cold! Was I
always to be haunted with a lock of hair?
I resolutely took it in my hand, and lo!
it threads of silver! it was growing gray!

The manuscript was as follows:

"Corinne—I cannot write—'dear bless-
ed friend,' as I used to, and sometimes
hard cruel thoughts steal into my heart;
then I am tempted to leave this undone,
but even for your good, will I impose this
task upon myself. Something tells me,
that here, I shall never behold you, but
you will look upon my face when it has
grown white and cold; and then Corinne,
I know, lying underneath that pride of
heart there will still beat warm pulses for
your poor friend. When I am dead they
will say I had the fever; be it so; but O,
I was not alone the fever of my frame, it
was my heart Corinne, my heart, was con-
sumed in the fire of its own long conflict;
if it is not sin to say it, death waves so
chilling to the fearful multitude—seem to
be passing sweetly, smoothly, over my tired
spirit, and I clasp it tightly to my heart
for fear it will get free from me: If I had
written to you the first few months we
were married, it would have been to tell
you of love that satisfied me and I drank
of the sweet cup till it almost sickened me,
but still held up my feeble hands and cried
for more—more! He charmed—fascinated—
me—my husband, Ernest Lighton, and
day after day I loved him more and more.
O how I loved him, but of this I cannot
write much, for it seems to weaken my
nervous hands still more. We had lived
thus just one year and purposed celebra-
ting the anniversary of our marriage. He
had one sister whom he tenderly loved—
She came many miles to be present that
night, and after the affair was over, we
hurried her to remain with us and she did
so. She was a fair, proud girl, and I could
plainly see that she almost idolized her
brother Ernest. She was uniformly kind
and pleasant to me, and I was innocent
and unsuspecting until one night feeling
slightly indisposed I retired to my room
and had been asleep; I awoke and not
finding my husband in the room I went
towards the drawing-room intending to
seek him. As I passed the library, the
door being slightly ajar I heard the sound
of voices in the room, and also heard my
own mentioned. I thought I would keep
still a moment and then spring in sudden-
ly as I had often done, and surprise them.
Pity me, O my friend! I will relate the
conversation near as I then knew, for I was
bewildered and astonished. I bent my
head forward and could see that their backs
were to me and she had her arms around
his neck, and as she knelt down by him,
and the soft, cadlike tones came to me in
these words:

"You do not love your sister as you used
to Ernest; and she is not worthy of the
love you lavish upon her. She is selfish
and exacting and you are so patient with
her—your wife I mean Ernest, or whom
the world calls your wife, O! it maddens me
to know and feel that now I occupy only a
second place and I am alone, alone. O,
Ernest it is terrible! But away with this!
I scorn it, though sometimes I indulge in
it just to fret my proud heart; but be a
woman Ernest; crawl at her feet if you
will. I verily believe you would kneel
down and let her feet rest on your neck—
He sprang up quickly and taking her at
arm's length and looked her steadily in
the face, saying: "Enough of this August-
Lighton! If you have wrecked your own
happiness don't stay here to destroy mine;
as for your insinuations and sarcasm
they are nothing to me now but I am no-
thing but a man and I warn you, I dare
you to say another word!"

She raised her glorious eyes pleadingly,
but he continued: "You stay, hereafter, on
conditions; do you know them? She bowed
her head and rose to go. Then he looked
at the sister he used to lead by the hand
when he was a little boy, and his conscience
whispered that perhaps he had spoken
too harshly, so he stepped before her
and said: "My sister let there be peace be-
tween us, and again she laid her head on
his breast and wept passionately."

I went back to my room. Well, he had
said nothing to censure me, but to defend
me; but a fearful thought stalked a grim
spectre through my soul. I looked gloomily
into the future.

As I sat there forgetting that he would
expect to find me asleep he entered the
room. Why was it? But I knew I raised
my eyes defiantly to his. He seemed not
to notice it, but took me in his strong arms
and kissed me over and over again, and
told me many times how well he loved his
wife. He made some commonplace ob-
servations about Augusta. Then I know
what it was that forced the bitter words
from my lips. I exclaimed, "she is a ser-
pent, Ernest—a serpent that will ruin our
peace; that will fix a great gulch between
you and me. He was astonished beyond
measure and tried to reason with me, but
I was to excited too listen; I threw myself
upon the sofa and feigned sleep; I could
hear the sobs come from his heart, I pitied
him then, and went to him, and told him
I loved him. He asked me to unyoke those
words, but I would not, then. I have re-
pented since, but O, what pain and suffer-
ing has led me to it. He was very angry;
none but God need the agony I endured
for a few days; but it passed away and I
was happy again. I tried to please him
in every way, and he seemed to love me
more than ever and was by my side con-
stantly. For his sake, proud as I was, I
tried to love our sister; tried to be kind
and forbearing. I must hasten now, for I
write of hours that are steeped in bitterness;
hours whose fear and doubt and desolation
have woven their black pall over my life.
Only say of her she accomplished her de-
signs; that by her almost superhuman ef-
forts she succeeded in alienating my hus-
band's affection from me; that on her death-
bed she was a prey to most terrible remorse
and confessed all, to him me together; but
but O, it was too late too late! I had stifled
all my love, had summoned all my pride
to meet his coldness with indifference, and
now no tears, no prayers could call it forth;
the idol is shattered; the sweet incense upon
the altar is consumed to ashes; yet
even as I hope to be forgiven, do I forgive
her, all; and likewise. Farewell, dear
friend, why should I wish to stay here?
why may I not say, that here, all have
deceived me! it is a bitter thought but now
I must put away all bitterness, and look

ing away to the serene, drawing morn of
eternity I think that I can say: It is well
that by a cross I have been raised thus—
The light is fading: thus my life. Fare-
well, farewell, Virginia."

When I had finished it seemed as if I
was awaking from a dream. The clock
struck one; solemn and deathlike fell the
sound upon my heart, and the great error
of my life rose up sadly before me, when
I thought how I, whom she had trusted,
might have comforted her. I had joy af-
terwards. I loved and trusted and was
spared the bitter cup, but it seems as if I
should not intrude upon this sad history
with the noisome revelry of pleasure, and
its language must be suppressed, while
thought with silent footstep treads over
a grave of buried hopes, and lifts the
shroud folds from the poor frozen heart.

Haiti for Emigrant Negroes.
A colored gentleman, named J. Dennis
Harris, has written a book of travel in the
Caribbean, in which he treats of the social
and material condition of Haiti, and urges
the emigration of negroes to that island.

Mr. Harris gives the preference as a place
of settlement for colored emigrants from
the United States to the country under the
jurisdiction of the Dominican republic—
The large and beautiful island of Haiti is
capable of supporting a population of twenty
millions; the number of its inhabitants is
scarcely one million. The largest, finest
and most thickly peopled part of the island
is in the possession of that part of the col-
ored race who speak the Spanish language,
and who live under a different government
from those with whom the commercial
ports of the United States have the most
frequent intercourse. In this part of the
island the population does not much ex-
ceed a quarter of a million. The climate,
it is affirmed, is as healthy as that of Vir-
ginia, the soil is prodigiously fertile, the
heat is not intense, and the fruits as good
as any produced within the tropics. On
the beauty of the country and the excel-
lence of its productions, Mr. Harris dilates
with an almost poetic rapture.

At present the immense resources of this
part of the island are almost useless for
want of the necessary skill and other
means to shape them for the purposes of
life. There are magnificent forests and no
saw-mills; the boards and beams for build-
ing are consequently imported from the
United States. There is no finer climate
or soil for coffee, but there are no planta-
tions; yet coffee grows well on the waste
lands, and its grins are consequently of an
inferior quality. Bees build in clefts of
the rocks and in every hollow tree in such
abundance that the women collect the hon-
eycombs, wash out the honey in the brook
and send the wax to market. There is no
planting of the cane; it springs up sponta-
neously, the inhabitants cut and grind it in
wooden mills, and make a sugar of poor
quality in small quantities. Oranges, lem-
ons, limes and coconuts of the finest qual-
ity abound, but there is nobody to collect
them and pack them for the markets. In
short, here is a country of great beauty and
rare fertility, abounding not only with the
means of comfortable sustenance, but with
a variety of resources which might be con-
verted into mines of wealth—a country
which at this moment offers as great in-
ducements to colonists as it did when first
discovered by Columbus. The govern-
ment of the country invites and encourages
the immigrant, provided he be of the agri-
cultural class, or one who follows a trade,
supplies him with sustenance and tools,
and protects him in his contracts with the
people of the island.

It will soon become a grave question in
those states which shall adopt the policy
of emancipating their slaves, what shall be
done with them. The island of Haiti
will offer to those who are willing to emi-
grate, as vast numbers of them doubtless
will be, a country within easy reach from
any of our ports in which their social equal-
ity will be recognized, in which they will
not be obliged to pass through that dan-
gerous process of seasoning to which they
must be subjected on the African coast, and
to which nature seems to invite them, by
offering the most liberal rewards, even to
moderate industry. To the island of Hay-
ti five times the number of persons now
held in slavery within the United States
might pass, without making it over popu-
lous.

Mr. Harris is of opinion that it is the
destiny of the mulatto race to found, in
the island of the Gulf and the Provinces
of Central America, an Anglo-African em-
pire of a high degree of civilization. He
denies the truth of what some assert, that
the mulatto race is not healthy and prolific,
at least within the tropics, and cites the
testimony of Moreau de St. Mery to prove
that of all the inhabitants of St. Domingo,
the mulatto is the longest lived. From his
white ancestors he inherits intelligence,
enterprise and a taste for the arts of civiliza-
tion; from his black progenitors strength,
sobriety, and a constitution suited to hot
climates. Mr. Harris expatiates on the
prospects opened to the growth and pros-
perity of this mixed race in the tropical
regions of our continent; where the pure
white race becomes feeble and degenerate.

To those who take an interest in the fi-
nal destiny of that family of the human
species that has been transplanted from
Africa to the New World, we can com-
mend this work as having an important
bearing on that great question.

WEALTH IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Vicks-
burg Whig, of the 8th inst., says:
"It has been estimated that the taxable
wealth of Mississippi, in land and negroes,
in the year of 1860, will amount to the
handsome sum of \$553,100,000. The es-
timate for the county of Warren is put
down at \$19,500,000. Hinds is put down
as the richest county, her estimate being
\$29,000,000. Lowndes comes next, \$26,000,000. Yazoo and Bolivar, \$25,000,000. Madison,
\$23,000,000. Marshall, \$22,000,000. De Soto, \$20,000,000, etc."

The Charleston Mercury exclaims, the
Lord deliver the Democratic party. If it
is in an interesting way we hope he will
be of some in its death.

Vote of Ohio—Official.

Below we give from the State Journal the of-
ficial return of the election held in this State on
the 9th inst., for Attorney General and Supreme
Judge, as found on file in the office of the Sec-
retary of State.

ATTY. GENERAL. SUPREME JUDGE.

Money. Money.

Stanhope. Stanhope.

Holmes. Holmes.

Brinkhoff. Brinkhoff.

Adams. Adams.

Allen. Allen.

Ashland. Ashland.

Ashtabula. Ashtabula.

Athens. Athens.

Auglaize. Auglaize.

Baldwin. Baldwin.

Brown. Brown.

Butler. Butler.

Carroll. Carroll.

Champaign. Champaign.

Clark. Clark.

Clermont. Clermont.

Clinton. Clinton.

Columbiana. Columbiana.

Coshocton. Coshocton.

Crawford. Crawford.

Cuyahoga. Cuyahoga.

Defiance. Defiance.

Delaware. Delaware.

Erne. Erne.

Fairfield. Fairfield.

Fayette. Fayette.

Franklin. Franklin.

Fulton. Fulton.

Gallia. Gallia.

Geauga. Geauga.

Greene. Greene.

Guernsey. Guernsey.

Hamilton. Hamilton.

Hancock. Hancock.

Hardin. Hardin.

Harrison. Harrison.

Henry. Henry.

Highland. Highland.